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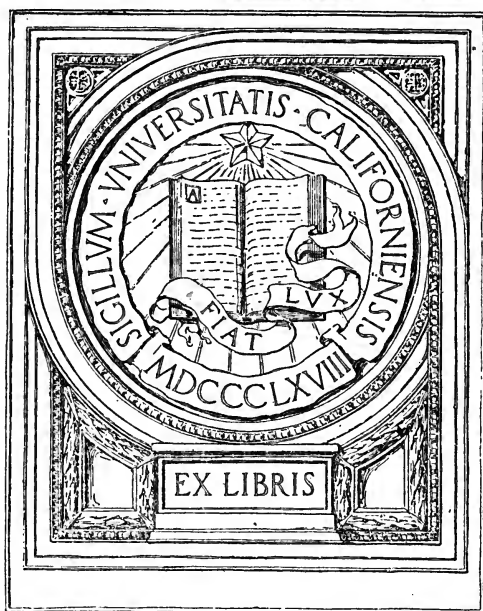
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POEMS

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

GIFT OF
Hearst Fountain



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Feb 11, 1922

University of California Library,
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I have recently published a book of poems which has received much favorable comment.

I have sold a book to the California State Library and to the Sacramento City Library.

I am soliciting purchase of copies from prominent libraries.

The book is for sale at Purnell's book store in Sacramento and Paul Elder and Robertsons book stores in San Francisco.

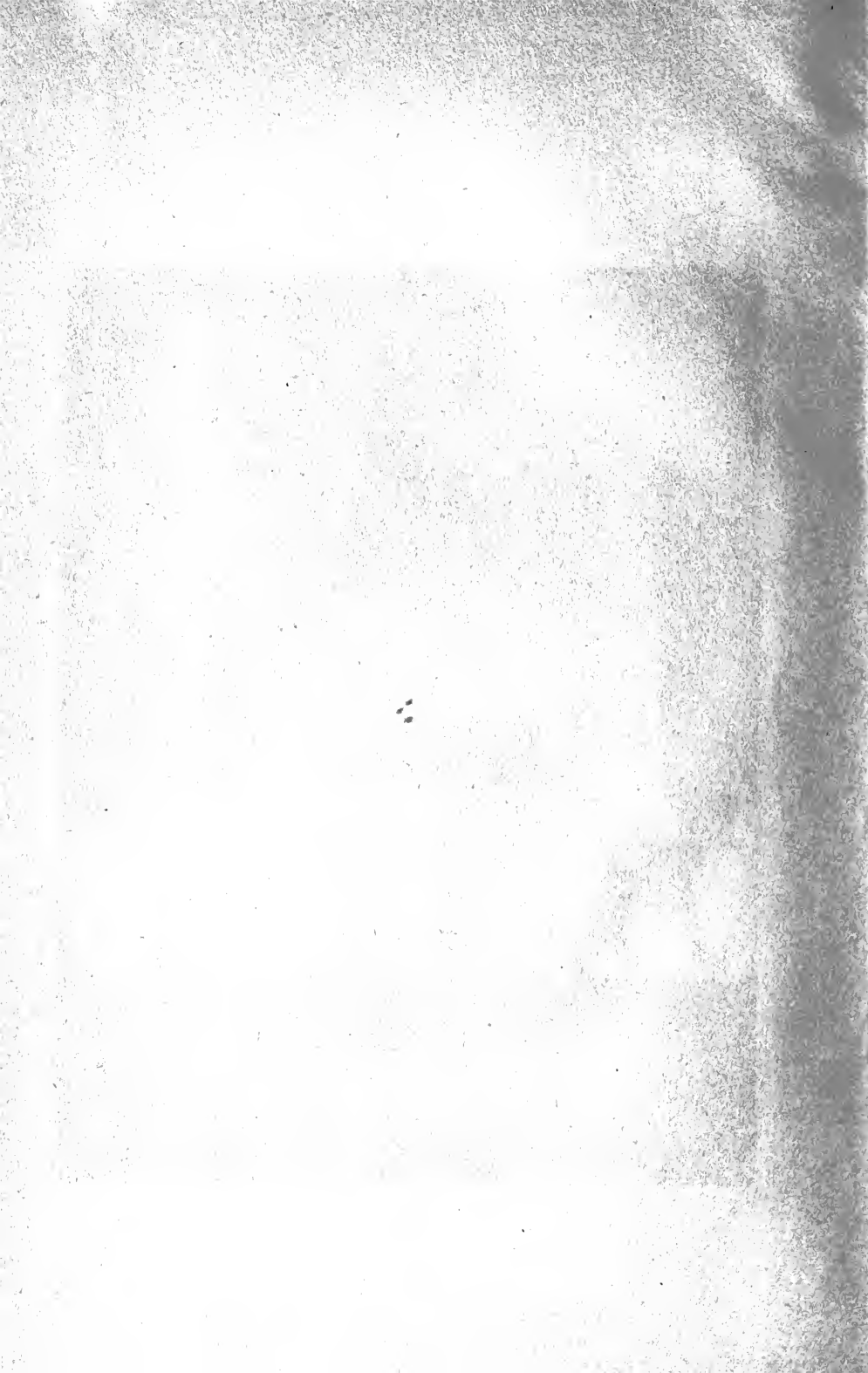
The price of the book is \$1.50 postpaid and it is to my advantage to sell direct.

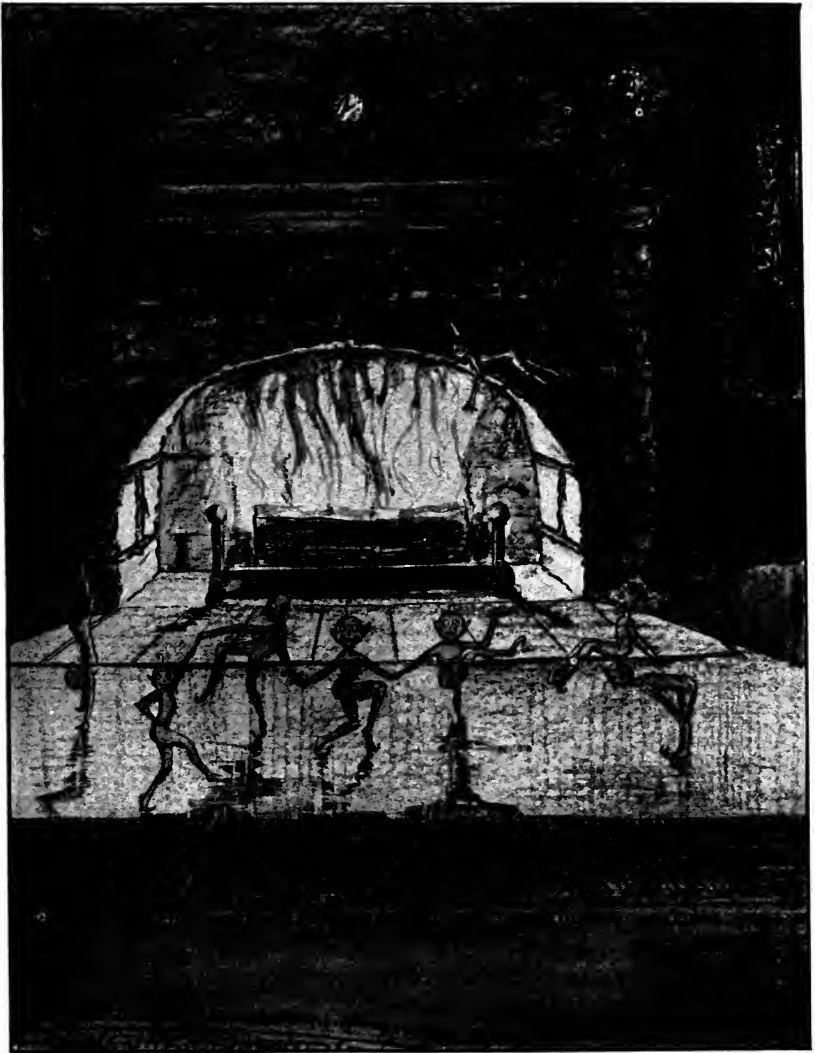
Yours truly,
Eunice Browning
Box 106 - R.W. no 3.
Sacramento,
California



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And e'en the Fireside's yawning grin
Held gnomes of fancy hid within.



1875

1875

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1875

Poems
By
Eunice Browning



Illustrations by Art Strader

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Hearst Fountain

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Mine

Mine is all this world's dominion!
Mine the joy of everything!
Fancy turneth where she wingeth,
Mine is all the heart of spring.

I have kissed the dawn of morning
Where the flowers tread with the sun;
Mine the power past understanding,
For the flowers turned, one by one.

Mine the hand that points the sapling
Toward a sky of turquoise blue;
Mine the love that guides the birdling
From its straw nest in the dew.

I have wandered with the river
From the brooklet to the sea,
Mine alone the ceaseless waters,
For their music speaks of me.

Mine the glory of the mountains,
Rugged hill and silent steep;
Mine for aye their leaping fountains,
As they tremble to the deep.

I'm the summer and the winter,
Or the autumn's flame unfurled;
I'm the glad sweet breath of Nature;
I am Nature—and the world!

Before the Dawn

O silent hush before the dawn!
When streams and brooks announce the sun;
"He comes!" they babble to the stones,
And waking flowers nod, "He comes".

He comes at break of trembling morn,
A mighty spirit of the light,
Glorious and infinite,
And waning night proclaims, "He comes".



The Perfect Hour

In the dark East appears a golden sea,
And spreads across the heavens in its light;
Dispels the gloomy phantoms of the night,
And gives a glimpse of earth's divinity.

Sunrise

Afar into the waking East,
Each edged with trails of living fire,
The clouds mount the sky apace,
Still they climb the heavens higher.

Heralding approaching morn,
They spread across the lighting grey,
The promise of fulfillment given,
The clouds fade and die away.

The East burns glowing, flaming dreams
That shine as fable tells of old;
For in the sunrise sparkle cities,
Roofed and paved and walled with gold.

Shining with celestial fire,
O sun, magnificence of light,
You burn eternal in your course,
And ever trail the fleeing night.

A hush precedes the coming host,
A pause before the breaking day,
The pink and gold in madness swirl,
Rioting for mastery.

Proudly roll the clouds apart
Like two great banners wide unfurled;
A glimpse—a glow—and lo! the sun
Has burst its glory to the world!

Awake

Come forth, my love! my sunbeams bid thee
waken,

The warbling throats of songsters call "Arise!"
The splendor of each flower, each mist filled
valley,

Are thine for naught, if thou but ope' thine
eyes.

Awake thy trust! for thou must know I love thee,
A love as pure as nature's dew-kissed rose;
My light in splendid glory shines above thee,
Awake! before this sparkling beauty dies.

Arise beloved! for canst thou hear me singing?
My song the song of youth, of love, of joy;
The echoes still through wood and dell are ring-
ing,

Awake from sleep, dear heart! awake, arise!

Spring

With the vibrant harp o' the west wind
Thou, O gracious one, came;
From the dew-steeped rim of a flower cup
Thou rose, beautiful spring.

Like the fleeting dance of a sunbeam
Joy must ever depart;
But in tryst of happy abiding
Thou, spring, entered my heart.



Summer

A little brook chattered so merrily by,
Singing a song as it babbled along,
Telling each comer the cheer of the summer,
While close to its banks clung a white butterfly.

The birds in the rushes oft sung to the flowers;
Long happy notes rose from warbling throats,
Sweet as the June in enchantment and tune,
And bees labored on through the long happy
hours.

Autumn

Time, how soon you scatter
Leaves of memory from autumn's bough;
And Pan, how wild winds flutter
Days of work, and hours musical.

Untiring in your striving,
You built the budding leaves of fleeting June,
The song birds sang the sweeter,
Because you kept their happy notes in tune.

The shrine you built has fallen;
Clad in stripings bright of red and gold,
The leaf folk laughed in passing,
Dancing now, they lightly trip the wold.

Not all the leaves forgot you,
For sometimes in a little coat of brown,
When winds paused in their flying,
A tiny leaf came sadly floating down.

The charm of Autumn's passing
Shall unshake the sadness of its death;
To you who built this beauty,
These, the crumbling leaves and fields are left.

A flower, late in blooming,
Reveals its petals pure as waxen snow;
Among the gay leaves seeming,
A little touch of Heaven on earth below.

And you stand by in wonder,
Lost within this mighty hymn of rest;
This brilliant Autumn pageant
Numbs your sorrow with forgetfulness.



Comrade

The years pass on, the days rush by,
As hand in hand we tread the way,
And ever from a cloudland high,
The sun climbs gladly, day by day.

There's always laughter, joy that's sweet,
As, comrade, you and I march on,
The rivers, brooks and oceans meet,
Still you and I march on, march on.

From ages past of long ago,
From crumbled walls of wondrous fame,
From tribal force and fighting foe,
The wonders of the present came.

And yet we hold entreating hands,
And never cease the asking why
This finite realm of Mother Earth,
This boundless, starry sea of sky.

There's always laughter, joy that's sweet,
As, comrade, you and I march on,
The sunshine land rests at our feet,
Still you and I march on, march on.

Gentle rain to wash the
single most beauty and fresh off road!



Gentle splash of water rushing,
Then the boat has passed from sight.

Boats Passing in the Night

Fairy cities; silent; moving
With their maze of shining light;
Other cities, shadow roving,
Follow each its course of flight.

In the darkness gaze unseeing
Those who reach the farther shore;
Glance seeks glance in wistful gazing,
Blurred forms, and then no more.

In the silence, ever twinkling,
Beckon cities, that would seem
In the distance quickly dimming
Were the phantoms of a dream.

Twilight beauty; silent passing;
Answering voices in the night,
Gentle splash of water rushing,
Then the boat has passed from sight.

Spring

I found a flower cup in a meadow;
A thousand dew drops glittered round;
A host of birds from leaf and shadow,
As sunbeams, flitted to the ground.

Then suddenly the flower cup opened,
The happy birds began to sing,
The sun rose up in golden splendor,
And then I knew—I knew—'twas spring!



Summer

Away, away on the wings of the robin,
Away to the summerland calling afar;
O the joy, the joy that abounds in just living,
Hear the song of the thrush as he calls from
his bower.

Awake, awake! it's the noontide of pleasure,
Ah! gladness is fleeting, O drink to your fill;
Arise, arise! to life's purest measure
That thrilling resounds over meadow and hill.

Autumn

High from the sides of the mountain
The leaves in riot dance down,
Tossed in the arms of the fitful winds,
Or falling silent, alone.

Down to the shores of the river
They whirl in rapturous glee,
Skipping the sands to the water's edge,
And floating on to the sea.



Winter

The winter winds break harshly from their sleep,
And thunderous sounds the music of the sea;
The mighty anthem of the foaming deep
Storms proudly on through earth's eternity.

Will love and beauty, fleeting, too pass on?
Will life but mean that all must die in vain?
Will hope rise gladly with the silvered dawn?
Is winter not the promise of a spring?

Love Song

No tower too high, but love will fly
To reach the steepest pinnacle;
No sea too deep, but love will sleep
Safely on the angry swell.

No sad regret that may be ours,
No cross that we shall ever bear,
No sorrow we cannot forget,
But love will ever comfort there.

No song but will sound strangely sweet
Though plaintive, with a sad refrain,
When love holds close the throbbing harp
And gently whispers o'er the strings.

No home secure within the wood,
No plain too barren and alone,
For some day, o'er the waiting sea,
I'll come to claim you for mine own.

Contentment

O come and dance with the fairies,
And ride in the arms of the breeze;
Borne gently on by the west wind,
To gaze on the nests in the trees;
O rest in the calm of the flower land,
And dream with the toss of the deep,
Kissed with the heart of a sunbeam,
In a rose cup cradled to sleep.



Air Castles

We ever plan through crowding days,
Through humdrum, born of duty's name,
The morn shall bring the traveled ways,
We ever plan, and to what aim?

We ever build our castles fair
With time the doubly precious cost,
And though they vanish into air,
We little count love's labor lost.



Victory

To strive for truth, for faith and hope,
To learn to scorn life's tinsel'd dross;
To do each day a small deed well,
To see the worth, not count the cost.

To greet with hope each new bright morn,
To smile of cheer as we march on,
To keep Christ's faith within our hearts,
We shall be loved; a kingdom's won!



Rose Marie slipped to the chimney,
To its welcome warmth and cheer.

Rose Marie

There's an attic dim with imprints
Of a weaver's magic loom,
And the touch of nimble fingers
Finds its tracing in the room.

Violet tinted, shining silver,
With a fleeting glint of gold,
Thus the webs in fancy shimmer
To the springtime of the world.

But the hours were short in passing,
For the golden lingering sheen,
In its last caress of leaving,
Found the mists of years between.

Time had hidden, long abiding,
Watching for its winter dawn;
Now the perfect rose is withered—
All too soon the dream has gone.

In a corner, close imprisoned,
Idly stands a tiny chair;
'Twas the weaver's elfin fancy
That had woven round it there.

Guarded by the dim old rafters
Where no seeking eyes could view,
Gazing ever bold defiance,
Counting precious hours through,

Sat a doll in patient waiting,
Longing for the tender bliss
Of the little eager fingers,
And a childish trusting kiss;

Longing for the gentle smoothing
Of a bit of yellowed lace
That adorned the worn old bonnet
And clung close beside her face.

When the elves and fairies scattered
Far and wide the gems of frost,
When the winds met at the corners,
And the sky was tempest tossed,

Rose Marie slipped to the chimney,
To its welcome warmth and cheer;
But her patient eyes of watching
Always pierced the darkness there.

Times the moon lamp was aflicker
With its bright beams on the floor,
For the moon light found an entrance
Through the battered attic door.

Then high revelry transfigured
Every form but that worn doll,
Sad, yet patient with their frisking,
She remained aloof from all.

See the joyous passing pageant
Of the stately minuet,
Of the tiny measured foot steps,
And, O, lest I should forget,

Old witch Tess danced with her broom stick,
Sweet bride Bess a sailor had,
Flirting Mary caused much worry,
For she danced with every lad.

Many moons have waned their passing,
Many years have long since gone,
Many sands grim Time has counted,
Slowly dropping, one by one.

Once, where vain search failed revealing,
Where no seeking eyes could see,
There one day among the rafters,
There I found my Rose Marie.

There I found a dim sweet vision,
O, it seemed 'twere yesterday
That I hung the pearls of childhood
In my heart, to live away.

Spring

O the joy of Spring—
And her singing birds,
The pulsing flutter
Of laughing words,
The merry flowerets
Brushed in dew,
O glorious Spring!
I love—I love you!

O what care I
If Spring is old;
For old she seemeth
To wise man World;
Rollicking gladly,
Winsome and free,
Airy and fairy,
Is Spring to me.

Dance with the sun,
Be merry and sing
Heigh O! heigh O! to glorious Spring.

On the hillside green
At the summer's crest,
In sprightly dancing
Gay Spring finds rest;
O how you twinkle
Dancing feet,
And echo and echo
A rhythmic beat.

If I dared speak
A single name,
If thoughts were flowers
That summers bring,
June is my fancy,
Spring is my love,
Joy's cast about us
From Heaven above.

Dance with the sun,
Be merry and sing
Heigh O! heigh O! to glorious Spring.

The Spirit of the Wind

What is the wind, the untamed wind
That wildly sounds its shrilling call?
It roams the hills with stealthy feet,
Or, maddened to a frenzied fear and dizzy anger,
Fierce and cruel, it rushes headlong to the sun;
But long before the heights attained
The conquered host sinks back on earth;
Unconquered there, a kingdom bond
Holds the wind to land and sea;
What ecstasy is in its flight,
What nameless soul, what wild delight,
Could we but mount its fleeting arms,
And ride the sea and sky and all.

Thoughts of You

I found a rosebud, velvet red,
The leaves still glad with morning dew,
And as I kissed its petaled lips,
I thought of you.

I found a white bud, pure and sweet,
But in its heart a vision clear,
And when the lovely face uprose,
I saw you, dear.



A Kiss

A tender flower upon the morn
The petals trembling to awake,
A west wind hurries by the fields,
And soon the folded leaves unshake;

A pearl, a dew drop hovers near,
The flower appears in timid bliss,
A burning embrace, folded close,
The dew drop bides in peace—a kiss!

Fairyland

How madly all the glad birds sing!
Exultingly and without cease;
But O to dream, and rest and dream!
And drift in harbors cool with peace.

My ship shall be of clover bloom,
The tiny helm a blue flower near;
The breeze will bear its rare perfume,
And waft its sweetness to the air.

Through starry isles, a lily sea,
Upon the poppy's glowing strand,
My happy ship will carry me
Into the gates of fairy-land.





A nest lies hidden,
Wrought with hours of love.

Story of a Spring Morning

As some wild floweret
Placed in costly halls,
Blooms oversweet an hour,
Then fades and falls,

Thus fleets a vision,
Youth so vainly won;
But after dews of morn,
Youth's dream has gone.

The rose is sweetest
When half promising;
The heart is lightest in
The dream of spring.

At morning twilight,
Starry-eyed and free,
Fair Beauty tells each flower
Her rosary.

And when the sunlight
Bids the fields awake,
A thousand scented dreams
The flowers unshake.

Each flower awakened
Showers a blessing fair,
And every sweetness wafts
Upon the air.

Sometimes a wild bird,
Startled from her nest,
In darting, upward flight
Wends her swift course—

Then dropping lightly,
Borne by eager wings,
Atilt the bending grass,
She rocks and sings.

Or swiftly running,
Bonded spirit free,
Her haunting cry trills out
Its harmony.

And all the rapture
Given vent at last,
Floats out untouched and pure,
And unsurpassed.

A truth unstudied,
Past our feeble art;
Like fleeting dreams, her songs
Rise from the heart.

O world of springtime!
Youth, Love sings to thee,
Delirious with joy,
And ecstasy.

A nest lies hidden,
Wrought with hours of love;
With woven straw beneath,
And sky above.

In downy comfort
Strife has ready bent,
'Midst angry pluck and chirp,
And discontent,

And low complaining,
Featherless and gaunt,
The wee things gaping plead
Incessant want.

Small crime! injustice!
See the widest bill,
The mother at the nest
Her charge refill,

While some poor nestling
Smaller than the rest,
Who pipes too low, is left
Half supperless.

When skies bend earthward
With the weight of June,
And all the feathered kingdom
Trills in tune,

Then at the nest edge,
Preening wings with care,
The little songsters chirp
And flutter there.

The whole world beckons
Through a rainbow sheen;
With dewy clouds above
The fields of green.

While earth still glistens
Tremulous with morn,
Then in each fledgling's breast
Desire is born.

Small hearts are beating,
Wearied of the nest,
The unknown sounds its call,
The limitless.

Forth from the nest edge
At the break of day,
With wings outspread in flight—
Away!

Into the Forest

Self marks the fragrance of the spiced air,
The restful woven path; Self walks and smiles;
Self feels the beauty glowing everywhere,
And pomp and grandeur of the forest aisles.

Soul thrills to madness as it scarce remains,
But floats before me as a hidden mist;
And earth has vanished; only joy alone
Is pearl and grey and tinged with amethyst.

But high above in slender, golden rays,
The sun bursts through into that forest dim;
And in the reverence of a kingly hour,
I walked with Him.



Sunlight and Shadow

We rode to the sunset,
I and my shadow,
Through distance we glamour'd
In gold and in gray;
My plunder the pearl drops
Asleep in the shallows
Of all budding flower hearts
In petal'd array.

We danced in our frolic,
I and my shadow,
On to the shore lands
Where caverns lie deep;
I wearied of darkness
And fled to the meadow,
To leave in each crevice
My shadow asleep.

We felt the cool winds rush,
I and my shadow,
I came with the sunbeams
That followed the dawn;
The mist veil of shadow
Was left for the dreamer,
While I rode imprisoned
In rays of the sun.



Inspiration

At nightfall when the shadows vaguely creep,
And fancy wingeth forth upon the hours,
Then quickly from her sweet reposing sleep,
A cautious maiden rises from the flowers.

The twilight shades are woven in her hair,
Her eyes are dark and brilliant as the night,
No vagrant leaflet in its fall could dare
To touch her satin throat of gleaming white.

Her lips have robbed the glory of the sun,
As paling fire, it sank into the sea;
Her cheeks are cold, unearthly—from the moon
She gathers weird and nameless ecstasy.

Her robe, bejeweled with the silver dew,
Clings close about her with a careless grace,
And in the moving shadows, filtered through,
The moonbeams seek the beauty of her face.

She knows no fret, or years of doubt or fear,
No disillusioned dreaming or regret,
Incarnate youth, she speaks the voice of spring,
And soothes the aching senses to forget.

Elusive, frail—she lightly sped her way,
I blindly followed where she beckoned me,
And to the East, upon the breaking day,
I found her but the soul of poesy.

To My Mother



Before us shines a dear one's face,
Girt round by every loving grace.

Mother The Song

The organist begins his theme—
He strikes the essence of his dream,
A single, pealing, throbbing note;
Then slowly, as a singing flute,
The thought mounts forth to higher plane—
We hear the symphony begun;
The music swells in deeper tone,
The dream is ever leading on
To greater depths of harmony,
And clearer, sweeter melody;
At last the promise is fulfilled,
The song is mute, the organ stilled.

Mother,

Whose face to me the rising sun
That glad bespeaks each day begun;
Whose rays of cheer the days unfold
As tender blossoms on the wold;
Your light of love beams ever true,
That shines upon each day anew,

Mother.

Mother,

Whose soul to me a glowing star
That through earth's clouds shines on afar;
No more can we stars distance space
Than Mother's loving heart replace
With earthly wealth of human love;
Your soul is from the Great Above,

Mother.

Thoughts of Childhood

Childhood

When cradled in the sheltering nest
Of those dear arms, we then liked best
To hear of elfland, o'er and o'er,
Of fairy folk and elfin lore,
Till every nook with terror lurked,
At every turn a goblin smirked,
And e'en the Fireside's yawning grin
Held gnomes of fancy hid within.
When all that childish faith has fled,
When all life's tender dreams are dead,
When ardent love grows sere and cold,
'Tis then, indeed, we are grown old.

Mother Love

Sometimes the Storm King hovered near;
At window-pane and shaking door,
He boldly threatened ill to all
When denied entrance to the hall.
But safely tucked in, snug and warm,
What cared I for impending harm?
From every trial strength you drew,
How can I ever tell to you
Of what I know was love untold,
A fearless, boundless sea of love;
You'd hold me close, nor give release,
Though Heaven or earth or all should cease.

The Evening Prayer

O childhood days! a flower that blows
Untrammeled as some pure wild rose;
At night, grown weary of our play,
For frolic sped the livelong day,
With eager lips we hastened sleep,
And bade the Shepherd watch to keep;
And from the cot within our bower,
We watched each little twinkling star.
And still I hear your gentle prayer,
And see those forms that once stood there,
Hear childish voices blending in
With reverent chime, the low "Amen".

Time's Passing The Seasons

The sunlit warmth of morning came,
Proclaimed our joy, earth's laughing Spring,
The gnarled trees their leaves unfurled,
A happy sunbeam caught the world,
The fields were bright with shining green,
While many a star flower held unseen
Its waxen petals to the dew;
Till summer passed, and Autumn strew,
With clutching fingers, cruel and chill,
Flowers' bleeding hearts o'er field and hill,
The saddened Snow Sprites hid them deep,
And Winter kissed the flowers asleep.

The Flowers

Farewell to Spring has long since gone—
The rosy petals, one by one,
Dropped in the field, where Blue-eyed Grass
Long too has bloomed its tenderness;
The Baby-eyes have closed in sleep,
And Brownies have ceased watch to keep;
In woodland haunts where Bleeding Hearts
Once mingled with Forget-me-nots,
Sweet Heart's-ease vainly soothed their pain;
In loneliness there left to reign,
They sadly dropped each petaled tear
For some fond past they held so dear.

The Course of Years

And thus these years have passed along,
Each year a gladsome, vibrant song,
A song replete with happy hours;
Time's thorns are gone, we have the flowers
Of all the joys of yesterday,
And all the joys that are to be.
Through all the years, though far from home,
A mother's welcome whispers, "Come".
Before us shines a dear one's face
Girt round by every loving grace,
O silvered splendor of your hair,
With Moonlight's kisses tangled there.

The Sea At Early Morn

Before the Morn a wingéd rest
Has shaken from her mantled crest,
The dewy diamond robe of sleep,
Then, in the greying dawn I creep
A silent wanderer to the sea;
But wide the tide has passed from me,
And passing, left a kingly throne,
The rocks worn old and dull with foam,
The cold, moist caverns, vague and dim,
Where, with the sun, the waves within
Their mighty halls will thunder past,
And reach a promised home at last.

The Story of the Waves

FOOTNOTES

The ocean foam breaks on the shore;
A thousand hurrying waves or more
Move with the tide, as, leaping high,
The restless army marches by;
Just so we tramp, on, always on—
Though countless sleep, the rest march on;
For those gone Home before the dawn,
Or rosy herald of the sun,
Were little feet long tired before
They ever reached the ocean shore;
They were the waves, the tiny hands,
That never clasped the glittering sands.

The Breaking Sea

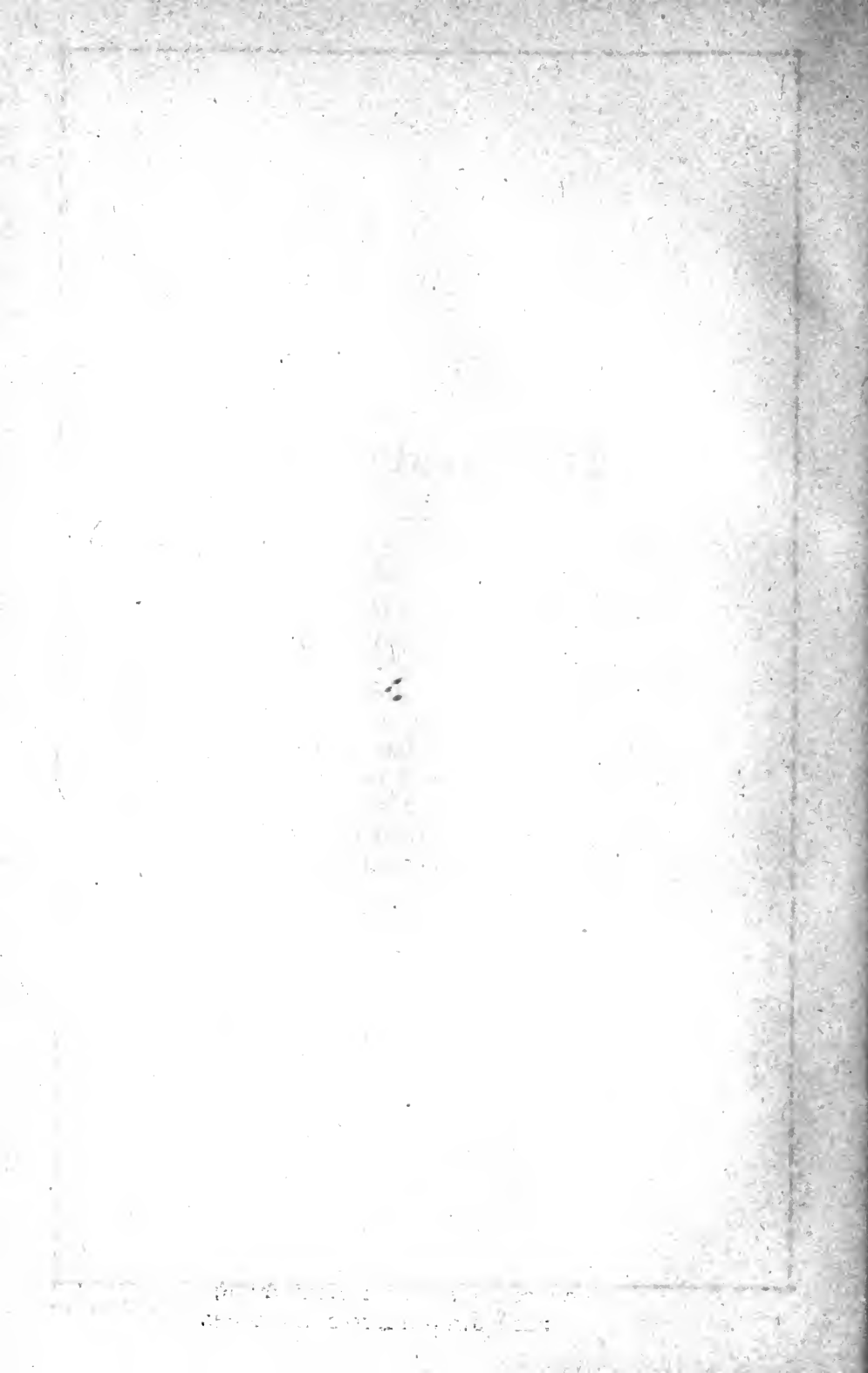
Beyond the distant, lonely reach,
The hidden cove and shining beach,
And traced upon the formless drift,
The restless sands that ever shift,
Where are the imprints of the sea
The moving sands built yesterday?
How breaks the sea with dash and roar,
As, rushing on the sandy shore,
Its tumult shatters on the strand;
Retreating with the running sand
To swift return in foam and spray;
Where are the dreams of yesterday?

The Heavens Moonlight

From out the East, in eager flight,
The shimmer of a moonlight night
Clings to the hills; through shaded dells,
The witchcraft of the moonlight tells
Of dancing elf folk far and wide
That ride the joyous shadow tide;
Like haunting vagueness of a dream,
Old memories arise to flame,
As dim as spells from elfin shore,
As mystic waft from fairy lore,
While spirit folk are wont to roam,
And visit earth and friends again.



The moon in splendor, rising high,
Rends slow, full rivers in the sky.



The Great Divide

The twilight sward stands well abloom;
As wondrous as a flower's perfume,
Across the heavens, stretching wide,
A long arched bridge, the Great Divide,
Measures steps as run the sands
From sea to sea, in distant lands.
The moon in splendor, rising high,
Rends slow, full rivers in the sky;
As roving fancies from their height,
They hide the moon in magic light;
Just so your soul will stand alone,
The clouds of love shall be mine own.

The Night Cloud

And as a moonbeam steals away,
An iridescent phantom ray,
So life is but a candle's flame,
A little glimmer, then is gone;
Bright though the candle glowed before,
A smile, a tear, and then no more.
We tremble, for our faith is weak;
O why must life these changes seek?
We turn in wonder, gazing still,
For yonder on the moonlit hill
The beam is gone, but at its ledge
A cloud shines with a silver edge.

Thoughts of You Life's Vicissitudes

In some far recess of the heart
Fond Contemplation holds apart,
Ambition moves as though it were
A dream ship of the heart's desire;
And through the tempest of our moods,
The ship brings life's vicissitudes.
The cargo is each homely trait
Of love and scorn and trust and hate,
The noble always with the base;
Yet we can sense no equal grace,
We ever are too blind to see
Our promised immortality.

Your Love

Were all the world but strife and sin,
You'd see a glimpse of hope within
Some hidden nook; no selfish gain
Could tempt you; soon, a man again
Would go forth from that gentle care;
Ah! do we love while you are here?
For those who smile are still believed;
We trust, then suddenly deceived,
O bitter are the smiling arts,
The tinsel show of little hearts,
We turn to you, hurt with despair,
And find our sweetest solace there.

Absence

Though I'm from home, what loving face
 Could I from memory erase?
I breathe with every hour a prayer,
 Father, watch o'er and guard them there,
For truant fancy bids me come
 To share the sweet abode again;
Once more I kneel contented; low
 Upon the hearth; the gentle glow
Awakens pictures as of old,
 I hear the fairy tales retold,
And fear yet love some haunted wild,
 Dare any scorn to be a child?

Mother,

The sun's apace life's gloried river—
They both are gone, aye and forever,
But burning deep within our shrine
You'll always be there, Mother Mine;
The star glows still, far, far above,
An emblem of a sacred love,

Mother.

Mother,

And when the evening shadows creep
In lengthening strides the hillside steep,
And eve comes with its dimming light
To linger, as dusk turns to night,
Then God be with you, Heart Divine,
And keep you safe, dear trust of mine,

Mother.

Refrain

The song is stilled, but throbbing deep
The dearest tones resound again;
Courage and truth rise with the strain,
To weary hearts, Rest's sweet refrain;
We silence the glad voice in vain,
The tones but mutely rise again;
O keep love's faith alight our eyes!
When love's glow fails true honor dies;
And keep our trust firm in love's power,
Now let it fail the waning hour,
When mists of sleep drift from the sea
And clasp us in their mystery.

Returning

The whirling fields wide sown with grain,
The rugged hills and limpid streams,
The woodland haunts as wrought of dreams,
But oh, there's not the joy of home.

The mountains bonded in the clouds,
The hazy distance I from thee,
The peaceful ways and winding roads,
There's not the rest of home to me.

The river, placid, dull and grey,
The curling mist upon the sand,
And to the leaward, and away,
The drifting depths of shadowland.

The storming ocean and its roar,
The white gull breasting wave and foam,
The rocking boats along the shore,
But oh, there's not the joy of home.

The hut half hidden in the hills,
The grazing herds along the way,
Though plenty marks the swelling fields,
There's not the wealth of home to me.

The lingering sunlight on the height,
The ever gurgling, singing rills,
And far below, in falling night,
The endless stretch of purpling hills.

The toiler driving at his plough,
The farmer working on the plain,
And what is all of this to me?
O back to love and home again!



Sunset

The mists of pink in the distance,
The golden barred shifting glow,
A riot of orange and yellow
In cloud forms come and go.

The tints of the distant mountains,
A glory of purple and blue,
There's chill in the lowering darkness,
In the fall of the evening dew.

The night is here with its shadows
That wavering dance and leap,
The evening star is the sunset,
And birds, twittering, sleep.



At Nightfall

The pall of evening falls upon the way;
The sun is prisoned by its golden bars;
A last faint radiance lights the deepening gray,
While from the darkness climb the waiting
stars.

A hearth fire burns; then soon a myriad glow,
Challenging those stars that shine above;
The workers here toil on, content to know
Their homely tasks, grown dear through trust
and love.



Song of Light

Space, the mind of man outreaching,
Stretching to infinity;
Can aught bring thee, all dividing
Stubborn distance, to thy knee?

I can never find a limit
On from sun to sun I race,
Touching lightly on the planet
Islands of the sea of space.

In my youth I dreamed a border
Must be built about it all,
And I thought to it to wander,
And peer o'er some outer wall.

But I little knew existence,
Little guessed the starry slopes,
And deception of that distance
To the summit of my hopes.

In about the worlds I scatter
Rays with sunshine's blessings rife,
And I tinge the clouds I shatter
With the golden glow of life.

Then I flash out into boundless
Space—until my rays disperse—
Until I am tired of endless
Grasping at the universe.

Out beyond the fartherest heavens
Lie there other heavens still,
Bounded still by other heavens,
Bounded still by heavens still.

Countless years my rays have wandered
Threading constellations bright,
Far beyond yon star bespattered
Vaulted canopy of night.

I can never find a limit
On from sun to sun I race,
Touching lightly on the planet
Islands of the sea of space.

—Charles Browning.

Finis

From: The Sacramento Bee - Saturday, December 17, 1921.

LOCAL GIRL BRINGS OUT VOLUME OF POEMS.

Miss Eunice Browning Shows Marked Development
in Talent as Writer.

. . . .

Miss Eunice Browning of North Sacramento, whose poetic ability received special notice from The Bee at the time of her graduation from the Sacramento High School, has just brought out a book of verse in which the promise of her earlier work shows marked development.

The volume is entitled "poems" and is attractively illustrated by Art Strader, a Sacramento artist. The cover and binding have been tastefully selected. Within the reader finds some fifty poems in which Miss Browning has wooed the Muse with the ardor of one who loves to fly on wings of poesy.

Several of the poems deal with nature in her varied aspects

Several of the poems deal with nature in her varied aspects and in these Miss Browning has caught a touch of that elusive beauty, which has been the inspiration of so many poets. Others deal with human ties and out of them the author has weaved several exceptional poems.

Miss Browning apparently has made a study of the sonnet form, for she has turned to this for some of her finest touches of life and emotion, as for example in, "The Breaking Sea," which follows:

Beyond the distant, lonely reach
The hidden cove and shining beach,
And traced upon the formless drift
The restless sands that ever shift,
Where are the imprints of the sea,
The moving sands built yesterday.
How breaks the sea with dash and roar,
As, rushing on the sandy shore,
Its tumult shatters on the strand;
Retreating with the running sand,
To swift return in foam and spray
Where are the dreams of yesterday?

Judged by the work in this volume, Miss Browning's future poetry will be awaited with interest and anticipation.



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 11. Federal Bureau of Investigation, Washington, D. C., dated 10/10/50
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